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"Shop a few doors east of Searle's Hotel on  
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the public with the guarantee that his work shall be  
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He is in the north of the FRANKLIN HOUSE, Mont-  
rose, Pa., near the Bank, on Lafayette street, on  
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IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR  
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CHEAP FOR CASE,  
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THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will commence  
on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1890, and will be under  
the supervision of Mr. E. B. HAWLEY, assisted by competent  
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on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26th,  
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supervision of Mr. B. U. CAMP,  
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Picture Glass,  
BEST quality of French PICTURE GLASS, for sale  
at 10 cents per square.  
J. H. SMITH.

# MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890. | NO. 49.

## VANITY'S REWARD.

BY WILLIAM H. PECK.

A few years ago, in winter, James Stone-  
burn, a rich and miserly lawyer, living in  
the upper part of the city of New York,  
rang the bell in his private sitting-room,  
and summoned his step-daughter, Ellen  
Grayham, to his presence.

Ellen, a fair and lovely girl of eighteen  
years, soon appeared before her step-father,  
with more of dread than affection in  
her manner.

"Your eyes are red, Miss," said Stone-  
burn in a sharp voice. "You remind me  
of my late wife, your mother; she did  
nothing but whine and weep until she died.  
Sit down."

"She had cause enough to weep," said  
Ellen, with much spirit, and indignation  
that her mother should be alluded to so  
scornfully. "She never made but one mis-  
take in her life, and that was when she  
married you, James Stoneburn. She grieved  
over it and then died."

"Enough! I have sent for you to  
know whether you will marry Simon Cline  
or not?"

"My answer shall be given to Simon  
Cline, and not to you, sir," replied Ellen.  
"Your dignity demands that, I suppose,"  
said Stoneburn, with a sneer. "Mr. Cline!"

As he spoke, a large curtain, hiding an  
alcove window, was moved aside, and a  
tall, elderly man, with dark and a sinis-  
ter face placed himself before Ellen Gray-  
ham.

"Simon Cline awaits his doom," said  
this man bowing and grinning.

Ellen started at his unexpected pres-  
ence, but recovering her natural firmness  
very soon said to him:

"I inform Mr. Cline that I can never  
be his wife. Mr. Cline is old enough to  
be my father."

"The greater your chance of becoming  
a rich young widow, my dear," said Simon  
Cline.

"I have given my final decision," said  
Ellen haughtily. "I will now retire, hop-  
ing never to be again insulted by either of  
you."

"Stay," said Stoneburn. "I will tell  
you the consequences of your refusal, that  
having heard them, you may be inclined  
to reconsider your decision, and change it."

"Nothing can force me to change it; so  
let me retire," said Ellen.

"Your refusal will mean," said Stoneburn—  
"my young clerk, Henry Tyler, a con-  
vict."

"A convict! Henry Tyler a convict!"  
exclaimed Ellen, growing pale.

"Ha! That touched a tender spot,"  
said Stoneburn. "You thought I had  
not discovered my clerk's pretensions,  
and your folly. You and Henry Tyler  
have secretly plighted vows. I intend to  
make you break them."

"Miss Grayham thinks I am too old,"  
said Simon Cline, "but I have been a  
handsomer man than ever Henry Tyler  
was. Here is my miniature—taken when  
I was of his age—twenty-five; and I think  
I am as presentable now as then."

Simon Cline, vain and villainous, thrust  
a golden-framed miniature into Ellen's  
hand as he spoke.

She did not glance at it, but involuntarily  
her trembling fingers closed upon it,  
and she felt as if about to faint with ter-  
ror as she gazed upon the time and sin-  
nared faces of the unprincipled man  
before her.

"Before you retire," said Stoneburn,  
producing a letter, "read this; you may  
see I am not jesting."

Ellen opened the letter, scarcely know-  
ing what she did, and read as follows:

"New York, Dec 20, 1890—  
"DEAR ELLEN:—I am innocent, yet I am  
in the Tombs on charges of forgery and  
robbery. Your step-father is my accuser  
and holds strong proofs against me, yet I  
swear I am innocent. Be true to me, and  
never doubt. Your affectionate lover,  
HENRY TYLER."

Poor Ellen sank into a chair, and covered  
her face with her hands.

"Oh, this is terrible!" said she. "But  
he is innocent—I know he is innocent—  
Poor Henry!"

A jury shall convict him with my evi-  
dence and Mr. Cline's," said Stoneburn.  
"I interrupted the note on its way to you.  
Come, come and no more tears. I've been  
drowned with tears these ten years. Go  
to your room, and think of all I have said."

Ellen arose and left the room, feeling  
that she would swoon if she remained lon-  
ger to be tortured more.

When she had gone, Simon Cline rub-  
bed his hands gleefully, and said:

"It will do—it will do! She will yet  
yield."

"She shall," said Stoneburn, sharply.  
"But Simon Cline, you are getting the  
best of this bargain."

"How so? How so?" cried Mr. Cline  
quickly. "We are to share her mother's  
estate, half and half. Oh, you need not  
scowl at me, James Stoneburn. You are  
very cunning; and can deceive most men,  
but not me. Ellen Grayham's mother's  
whole estate now belongs to Ellen Gray-  
ham, though you have made the world be-  
lieve that you became owner of it when  
you married her mother. But you are  
not—no! and I am the only one who can  
prove it. Do you not wish I was dead?"

"I say you claim to much," said Stone-  
burn. "You have the proofs in your pos-  
session, and have used them ever since  
my wife died, two years ago, to fill your  
purses by playing on my fears. And now  
not content with living at your ease, you  
claim one half of the estate, and the hand  
of Ellen Grayham!"

"No! No! One hundred thousand dol-  
lars and the lovely Ellen," said Simon  
Cline.

Cline nodded firmly as he spoke, and  
left James Stoneburn wishing Simon Cline  
was under the "cart" and hoping that  
worthy man might break his neck in the  
slippery streets that night.

"If I dared, I would kill that cornor-  
ant," said Stoneburn to his pillow that  
night, and so fell asleep, wishing he was  
more wicked than he was.

Poor Ellen had retired to her room, and  
there swooned as she entered.

## A HUNT ON THE HIGHWAY.

There was a shrewd robber somewhere.  
The farm-houses were robbed; shops were  
robbed; the tills at the bars of the way-  
side inns were robbed; and people had  
their pockets picked. All this happened  
in the region of country between Sidney  
and Lowstone—across a field of vast extent—  
and yet the robber or robbers could not be  
found. Officers had searched in every di-  
rection, and several suspicious-looking in-  
dividuals had been apprehended, but the  
real culprit remained at large. One day  
the mail was robbed, and on the next a  
man had his pockets picked of five hun-  
dred pounds, while riding in the stage  
coach. For my narrative dates back to the  
old coaching days. The money had been  
carried in his breast pocket, and he knew  
that it was stolen from him while he was  
enjoying a bit of a doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a  
severe cold for several days, and was not  
fit to go out now, but as this matter was  
becoming so serious, I felt it my duty to  
be on the move, and accordingly I fortified  
my throat and breast with warm flannel,  
and set forth. I had no settled plan in my  
mind, for I had not been on the road, and  
was not "posted up." A ride of five miles  
brought me to Sidney, and thence I meant  
to take the coach to Lowstone, where  
Sam Stickney, one of the shrewdest men in  
the county, had already been on the  
search; and I wished to consult him be-  
fore making any decided movement.

I had seldom seen Mr. Simon Cline, when  
I did, he always reminded me of some-  
body I knew in Alabama nearly thirty  
years ago. May I look at it?

"Oh, yes! and then fling it out of the  
door," cried Ellen.

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Stevens, as she  
opened the golden case and glanced at  
the picture.

"What is the matter?" cried Ellen,  
starting up in great alarm.

But Mrs. Stevens had fainted, and lay  
back in her arm-chair pale and senseless.  
Ellen knew that the miniature had  
something to do with the fainting, and  
secured it before she rang for assistance.

When Mrs. Stevens was restored to con-  
sciousness, Ellen dismissed the servants,  
and begged her to tell why she had  
swooned.

But Mrs. Stevens was for a long time  
silent, yet when she did tell, it made Ellen  
feel much lighter of heart than she had  
been for many weeks.

"Simon Cline is to receive your an-  
swer again to-morrow night," said Mrs.  
Stevens, after telling Ellen quite a long  
story, "and you are well prepared to  
answer him. Still I must be present."

"You must conceal yourself in Mr.  
Stoneburn's sitting room before they go  
there to-morrow night," said Ellen.

"I will do so, and hope for the best,"  
said Mrs. Stevens, as she left. Ellen much  
relieved in mind as regarded Simon Cline,  
but still alarmed for her lover.

At eight o'clock on the following night  
Ellen received another summons to the  
presence of her amiable step-father, and  
when she entered the sitting room she  
found Stoneburn and Simon Cline drinking  
wine quite cozily together.

"Well, Miss Ellen," said Stoneburn,  
flashing his eyes at her as she appeared,  
"I hope you have reversed your decision.  
I see you have not been crying to-day."

"Let Mr. Simon Cline ask for himself,"  
said Ellen.

"Miss Ellen Grayham," said Cline, ris-  
ing and smiling so as to reveal a magnifi-  
cent set of false teeth, "my mooring must  
appear to you in a most disadvantageous  
light—but circumstances, you know—ah—  
may I hope to call Miss Ellen Grayham  
my wife?"

"There is an insurmountable imped-  
ment, Mr. Cline," said Ellen.

"Name it—name it! I will crush it!  
What is it?" demanded Cline.

"We do not live in Turkey, nor among  
the Mormons," said Ellen, "and Mr. Cline  
has a living wife now."

"What! Never!" cried Cline.  
The same certain that had hidden him  
the night before was displaced, and  
Mrs. Stevens appeared, saying—

"I am that wife, George Grayham!"  
Mr. Cline started as if shot, and stared  
at Mrs. Stevens in wild dismay.

"You call yourself Simon Cline," said  
she, shaking her finger at him, and backing  
him to the wall, "but you are my hus-  
band, George Gray, of Mobile, Alabama.  
Thirty years ago you robbed and deserted  
your wife—robbed many others, and I  
left Mobile and changed my name, that  
disgrace might not cling to me, George  
Gray!"

In dismay the detected rascal glanced  
towards James Stoneburn.

"That gentleman seemed in ecstasies.  
"Ha!" cried Cline in high wrath, "I  
must run again, it seems; but you need  
not think to escape, James Stoneburn. This  
look up the arrangement of my friends  
and set for rest, as he had to take one  
of the strangers on his seat, while I took  
another upon mine, the other two occu-  
pying the middle seat. The new comers  
soon broached the subject of the rob-  
beries which had been committed in that  
region, and I listened to gain information,  
if possible, but they knew no more than  
any one else knew. They had heard all  
about it, and were inflated with wonder."

"One—two—three—asked me if I  
knew anything of the robber. I told him I  
knew but little of the affair any way,  
having been sick, and unable to be among  
friends. Then he asked my consuetive  
friend if he knew anything about it. The  
latter raised his head from its reclin-  
ing position, and was on the point  
of answering, when we heard our driver  
in quick abrupt tones, ordering some one  
to look up the road. I instantly put  
my head out of the window to see what  
the trouble was, and my eye was just  
quick enough to detect a load of faggots  
in time to dodge back and escape them.  
The road was quite narrow at this point,  
and as the faggots were loaded very wide-  
ly, it was impossible for the driver to  
wholly avoid them, and the side of the  
coach was swept by them quite sanely.  
I escaped, but also told the passengers that  
they would find plenty of accommodation  
in the house if they chose to go in."

The lady at first did not get out, but at  
length she did so and went into the hotel.  
I now determined to find out who she was.  
I left my deputy at the door of the room  
she entered, having ordered him to rush  
in, in case he should hear anything to  
warrant an intrusion. On going into the  
apartment, I found the beauty was sitting  
by the window, gazing out between the  
blinds. She started up as I entered and  
let her veil fall.

"I thought this was a private room,  
sir," she said. Her voice trembled, and  
sounded unnatural.

"It may be," I returned, "but that  
does not exclude those who have busi-  
ness. I came to see you."

There was a momentary struggle, and

## CONSULTED TOGETHER.

consulted together, and finally proposed  
to go in the morning to see another de-  
tective officer named Gambill, who resided  
about twelve miles distant, in the town of  
Orton.

This met the views of my host, and so  
we left the matter for the evening. On the  
following morning we were up early, and  
as the coach would take us directly to Gim-  
bille's house, we chose that mode of con-  
veyance, and repaired at a reasonable  
hour to the tavern for the purpose.  
When we reached the inn, we found the  
old farmer who had been one of my fel-  
low-passengers on the night before, step-  
ping about the door in a high state of  
excitement. He had been robbed of three  
hundred pounds, and he was sure it must  
have been his pocket book under his pil-  
low. He had not thought to look into it  
when he retired, but he had found it  
empty that morning when he got up. He  
said the wallet had been taken from his  
pocket and put back again—he knew it.  
As soon as he saw me he was anxious it  
should be searched. Of course I allowed  
the operation to be performed, willingly.  
After the excitement was allayed, I asked  
where the young man was who came  
in the coach, and was told by the landlord  
that he went away soon after the coach  
arrived.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that  
the old man had been robbed in the stage  
coach, and of this he succeeded in con-  
vincing me. After this my suspicions  
rested upon the consumptive man, and I  
believed I could find him; so I should find  
the rogue! So I had the landlord keep  
a sharp lookout; and also spoke to the  
driver who had brought me from Sidney,  
and who was now on the point of return-  
ing, requesting him, if he saw anything of  
the pale man, to see that he was arrested,  
the suspicious individual had remained at  
dinner a few minutes on the previous  
evening, and then gone away in a gig,  
which had come for him; but no one  
could tell what direction he had taken.

The coach for Orton soon came to the  
door, and Stickney and myself took our  
seats inside, the farmer having deter-  
mined to remain where he was until he had  
heard something about the money. There  
were two other passengers inside, and two or  
three outside, but they were strangers to  
me. We had occupied the wider than  
the others, and gave me a better opportu-  
nity for lying down; and when the new  
comer entered he took the back seat. He  
was a young man, I judged, and not very  
tall in stature, but so completely bundled  
up was he in shawls and mufflers, that his  
face was not so easily determined.  
I had been very well prepared to  
answer him. Still I must be present."

"You must conceal yourself in Mr.  
Stoneburn's sitting room before they go  
there to-morrow night," said Ellen.

"I will do so, and hope for the best,"  
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length she did so and went into the hotel.  
I now determined to find out who she was.  
I left my deputy at the door of the room  
she entered, having ordered him to rush  
in, in case he should hear anything to  
warrant an intrusion. On going into the  
apartment, I found the beauty was sitting  
by the window, gazing out between the  
blinds. She started up as I entered and  
let her veil fall.

"I thought this was a private room,  
sir," she said. Her voice trembled, and  
sounded unnatural.

"It may be," I returned, "but that  
does not exclude those who have busi-  
ness. I came to see you."

There was a momentary struggle, and

## TERMINATED.

terminated, and she appeared as calm as she could be.  
"What are you?"  
"I am an officer from Bow-street," I  
replied. "I want to know who you are."  
"Stop—one moment," she said; and as  
she spoke she carried her hand beneath  
her cloak. It was quickly withdrawn, and  
in it was a pistol, but she had grasped a  
portion of her dress with it, and before  
she could clear it, I had sprung upon her  
and seized her by the arm. But it was  
a mere pretence. There was more muscle  
in that slight body than I had bargained  
for! However, my man popped in the  
moment he heard the scuffle, and the  
beauty was soon secured. The glossy  
brown tresses fell off during the scuffle,  
and some of the paint was removed from  
the cheeks.

As soon as the prisoner was secured, I  
had his trunk taken off and brought in  
and upon overhauling its contents we  
found disguises of all sorts and quite a  
sum of money, besides watches and jew-  
elry of much value.

I made him assume a proper attitude  
and found not only that he had red paint  
for the blushing beauty of to-day, but he  
applied a more cadaverous coloring mat-  
ter for the consumptive looking individual  
of yesterday! He was a shrewdly young  
five-and-twenty, with a cold-blooded ex-  
pression upon his marble face, and evil  
look in his eye.

We carried him back to Lowstone,  
where we found the money of the old  
farmer upon him, besides other money  
that had been lost by different individuals.

At first he told strange stories of himself,  
but finally, when he knew the worst must  
come, confessed the whole. He was from  
London, and had come into the country  
on purpose to rob. He had two confeder-  
ates with him who took him from place  
to place. One of them had taken him  
away from the inn the night before, and  
the other had brought him and set him  
down at the farmer's gate this morning.